

## The Times-Dispatch

Published Daily and Weekly at No. 4 North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va. Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as Second-Class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 5 cents a copy.

DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail—60 cents a month; \$5.00 a year, \$2.60 for six months; \$1.50 for three months.

SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH by mail \$2.00 a year.

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH, including Sunday, by Carrier, 15 cents per week.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH, by Carrier, 5 cents per week.

The WEEKLY TIMES-DISPATCH, \$1.00 a year.

All Unsigned Communications will be rejected.

Rejected Communications will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps.

Up-town Office at T. A. Miller's, No. 510 East Broad Street.

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1903.

## THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT

In the current issue of Harper's Weekly is a thoughtful and conservative article on the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama suffrage case, in which the editor branches out into a discussion of the whole question of suffrage and particularly of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution. As for the fifteenth amendment, our contemporary makes bold to say that in the present state of popular sentiment it could not now be passed, and recalls the fact that the State of New York, which ratified it, rescinded its ratification on January 5, 1870, nearly three months before the adoption of the amendment was proclaimed. It is also bold enough to say that it deems it probable that even now, at this early stage of the discussion, a majority of the States would favor a repeal of the fifteenth amendment, and that although the majority might fall short of the three-fourths prescribed by the Constitution, its moral effect upon Congress would probably suffice to prevent the enactment of the legislation needed to make the amendment operative.

Coming then to speak of the thirteenth amendment, it expresses the opinion that nobody desires a repeal of it, which prescribes that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, shall exist in the United States or in any place subject to their jurisdiction. Of course, no rational man desires the repeal of this amendment or desires the re-establishment of slavery. We agree also with our contemporary in the further statement that nobody wishes to withhold from negroes the rights and privileges possessed by white women or by young white men under twenty-one years of age. All fair-minded men in all sections of the country are willing that the negro shall be protected before the law in all his natural rights—the right of liberty, the right to hold property and the right to pursue happiness. But suffrage is not a natural right; it is a privilege conferred.

Nor is there any objection to the fourteenth amendment, except that part of it which provides that when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President and so on is denied to any of the male inhabitants of the State being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, the basis of representation thereof shall be reduced in the proportion which the numbers of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

That part of the amendment is objectionable, and Harper's Weekly admits that it is as objectionable to the North as to the South. "It is obvious," to quote its exact language, "that this section forbids any State, whether at the North or at the South, to impose any educational or property qualification for the suffrage. It is just as much a violation of this amendment for Massachusetts to insist that a voter shall be able to read as it is for South Carolina."

Our contemporary does not believe that Congress will ever enact legislation needed to enforce this section of the fourteenth amendment. "What has provoked criticism," it adds, "is the provision relieving white literates from the operation of the law, yet notwithstanding this obvious discrimination against race and color, the United States Court declines to give the disfranchised negroes relief, and herein apparently represents the preponderant opinion at the North."

If such expressions as these had appeared in Harper's Weekly ten or fifteen years ago, it would have made a sensation and raised a storm of indignant protest from northern fanatics. But within the past few weeks the New York Sun and the New York Tribune and Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and Rev. Dr. Abbott have expressed practically the same view, and we take it that they have expressed the sentiment generally of the thoughtful men of the North. The South can well afford to let the situation remain as it is, but it ought not to remain as it is. The fifteenth amendment is to all intents and purposes a dead letter, and it ought to be repealed. It is a national mistake to permit a section of the Constitution to stand when it has become practically inoperative.

## A PLEA FOR THE GIRLS:

We have a letter from Judge J. M. Crute, of Farmville, in which he asks if it can be true that the Legislature of Virginia is going to adjourn without giving relief to the girls of the State who are knocking at the doors of the Normal School. "What shall we do?" he asks. "Shall we, as has been suggested by some, refuse to take more girls than we can comfortably accommodate? If so, when and where shall we begin to cut off?

Whose daughter will be turned away, and where she will go when turned away?" These are serious questions for the General Assembly to consider. As Judge Crute says farther on, this is no school for rich girls who simply seek accomplishments, but a school for the daughters of the tax-payers of the State, who live by the sweat of their brow, and he further says, and well says, that it would be a sad day when the daughter of a worthy poor man of Virginia is told that she cannot be received, and that she must seek some other school in which to fit herself for teaching.

That is all right as far as it goes. The State of Virginia is spending a great deal of money each year to give the boys of the State the advantages of higher education, and is spending a mere pittance in this direction for the girls. But the more important question is this: The public schools of Virginia are being taught by women, and it is a matter of the gravest importance that these teachers be thoroughly trained. Every dollar we spend on the Farmville Normal School is a dollar spent for the betterment of the public schools of the State, especially in the rural districts. On the other hand, if we stint the Farmville Normal School, we stint the public schools, and this we cannot afford to do.

The House of Delegates takes the same view, and yesterday, by an overwhelming vote, a motion prevailed to discharge the Committee on Finance from further consideration of the bill increasing the annual appropriation to \$25,000, and the bill was subsequently passed. It had already passed the Senate. The sum of \$5,000 was also appropriated for improvements.

## AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSON.

The offer of a rich man to pay a million dollars for a perfect servant girl has been variously commented upon by newspapers and some have been disposed to ridicule it. But there is a lesson in the incident, which we commend to all persons who make their living by toil. This is an exaggerated case. But there is in this country an urgent demand for first-class workmen, for workmen who are capable and industrious and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. Whether the workman be an ordinary laborer, a skilled mechanic, a newspaper reporter, a bank clerk, a railroad superintendent or what not, if he is first class in his kind, he may be sure of finding profitable employment and if he is the best man of his craft, best in skill, in faithfulness and in conscientious work, he can name his own price and he will be in demand at any price.

There is much force in the old saying: "There is always room at the top." That is true because there is so little competition at the top; there are so few men who climb to the top and occupy the heights. But the man who does climb and get there and stay there will find a warm welcome and good pay.

## THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT.

Feeling a profound interest in the welfare of the University of Virginia, and knowing the importance of having as its first president the right sort of man, we have opened our columns to communications from correspondents setting forth the peculiar fitness of this man and that for the position.

To-day we print a communication from Mr. Samuel B. Woods, of Charlottesville, in which he expresses the opinion that Dr. Charles W. Dabney, now president of the University of Tennessee, is, par excellence, the man for the place. Mr. Woods was a fellow student with Dr. Dabney at the University of Virginia, and having been reared under its very shadows, is a devout alumnus, and has its true interests well at heart. Mr. Woods knows the University and its needs, and he knows Dr. Dabney. His communication speaks for itself.

Miss Anne Dunlop, daughter of the late James Dunlop, of Richmond, won a scholarship at the recent exhibition of the Students' Art League in New York. She was a student in the Richmond Art School, and for the last year was trained by Miss Annie S. Fletcher, director of classes in the art school, who, as a member of the Art League, secured the representation at its exhibition of Richmond work.

In this contest she was brought in competition with pupils of the best art schools of the country, and the award which she receives is no less an honor to her than a credit to her teacher.

More than that, it is a step higher for the Richmond Art Club.

The promised Irish land purchase legislation in Great Britain has in no way curtailed the rush of immigration from Ireland to this country. The arrivals from that island have been even larger than looked for in the past few months. The fact of the business is that the land purchasing act is a humbug anyhow. There is not a tenant in Ireland who can hope to live long enough to make the money in Ireland to buy land under it, while they can come to the United States or to Canada and get good enough land almost for the asking.

Our esteemed neighbor, the News Leader, is not especially enthusiastic, it says, over the appropriation by the City Council to the proposed Battle Abbey. It declines to take the sentimental view.

Very well. Let our contemporary take the practical view. By appropriating \$50,000 we are to secure a great public building and a great public attraction, to cost \$200,000 or more. Leaving out every other consideration, it seems to us that that is a pretty good investment—and intensely practical.

The study of Greek is not so popular as it once was, or at least it would seem that it is losing some of its old-time popularity in the colleges. In one of its heretofore most formidable strongholds, Yale, its compulsory study has been overthrown. By an overwhelming vote it has been taken from among the required studies after 1904.

They are putting internal machines on some of the ocean steamers occasionally, but that alone need not keep us all from taking a trip to Europe this summer.

Some of the officers of the United States army are decidedly of the opinion that the only decided Filipino that stays peace-

fuld is the one that lies down with a bullet through his head.

"Wealth is not essential to success," says the renowned Dr. Cannon. Certainly not, but it helps a man to enjoy his success in a mighty comfortable kind of a way.

The Sultan of Turkey wants the foreigners to take their warships out of his sight. They grate on his nerves and keep him awake at night.

A delegation of one hundred French cooks is en route to the United States, which insures an advance in the price of liver pills and dyspepsia concoctions.

Why might not the good Governor of Kentucky walk in Breathitt county, and confine the feud until it lights it out to a finish—of the feudists.

Notwithstanding its dryness, Danville is attractive to the lodges. The T. P. A. folks and the Odd-Fellows have held Grand Lodges there under the "dry" regulations.

That Republican daily now incubating at Roanoke is to be called the Virginia Daily Press, as soon as its charter gives it a right to have a name.

Mr. Cleveland will hear very little more and care less of the Cleveland boom for a fortnight. He has started on a two-weeks' fishing excursion.

The door of hope that Mr. Roosevelt opened to Dr. Crum, of Charleston, went shut with a slam when pay-day came around.

The big real estate company deal in Newport News seems to mean about as many different things as there are people in the town to talk about it.

Jacksonville, Fla., may have an earthquake next. Big fires and cloudbursts having done their worst.

Lynchburg's proposed enlarged gas works may be the forerunner of rare old times in the next political campaign.

Even the old mint bed at Poplar Spring, on the outskirts of Danville, has dried up.

It is said that Washington has gone circus crazy. But Congress is not in session and the people must have their fun.

## Personal and General.

Because Professor John Wilson Dodge, instructor in music at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., wrote a comic opera, which, with its sixteen short-skirted chorus girls, made a hit at its premiere in his home city last week, he has been asked to resign.

The Rev. Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie, professor of systematic theology in the Chicago Theological Seminary, who has accepted the presidency of the Hartford Theological Seminary, is considered one of the foremost theologians.

Miss Marshall Kiser is sugar inspector for the Spreckles Sugar Company, of Hawaii. Miss Kiser is a Kentucky woman, and began the study of chemistry at the State College at Lexington. She continued her work under Professor John H. Lloyd, and in 1901 she was elected a member of the American Chemical Association.

Secretary of War Root is to join the fashionable colony in upper Park Avenue, New York. He has purchased two lots at Nos. 100 and 102 East Seventy-first Street as a site for a \$100,000 residence, and in 1901 she was elected a member of the American Chemical Association.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, is to receive from the State Department at Washington a special credential as one of the three distinguished scientists who are going to Europe for the World's Fair Commission to insure the success of the St. Louis Congress which is to be held in St. Louis.

Ambassador Tower's new residence on the Koenigsplatz, Berlin, is quite a revelation to Berliners in the way of splendor and luxury.

## Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Norfolk Dispatch says: The removal of Judge Campbell will, we believe, create a most salutary effect on public officials in the State. It should bring those public servants who sit upon the bench, who may have been lax in the performance of their duties, to a realization of the sense of their accountability to the community for their actions.

The Bristol Courier remarks: The Virginia State Senate has finally proved itself heavy enough for the work in hand, and has voted to remove Judge Campbell from the bench of Amherst county. This ends the suspense and restores confidence in that body, which had been shaken by quibbling and delay.

The Norfolk Ledger says: Governor Montague's theology—as expounded at a mission meeting in Richmond last Sunday night—may not be altogether orthodox, but it has an intensely practical ring about it.

In reviewing the Campbell case the Newport News Press says: The announcement that Judge Campbell will run for legislative honors in order to secure vindication at the hands of the people of Amherst has the effect of bearing on the mind of the people of Amherst wish to send him to Richmond as their representative it is their right to do so and no one will feel like interfering with them in the exercise of their prerogative.

## North Carolina Sentiment.

The Weldon News grows a little cheerful as it proceeds slowly to remark:

"There appears upon the horizon something like a rosy streak of the millennium. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has been debarred from New York libraries, northern men have had a love feast at Richmond and eulogized Lee, and the United States Supreme Court has ruled in the South. Surely a better day is dawning."

The Wilmington Star, discussing the "fondness" of northerners for the derkey-

"The town of Southern Pines, in this State, the great winter resort for wealthy white people of the North, which is principally owned and under the control of northern people, is another where negroes are not employed or permitted to live."

The Dunn Banner, speaking perhaps from the fullness of its heart and the broadness of its brain, says:

"The proximity of the next Democratic presidential candidate makes an interesting theme for speculation in the newspapers, but the wisest Democratic statesmen declare it would be too early to announce their candidate if they were agreed on one."

## THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

## BEHIND THE PALACE WALLS.

Another day had dawned on India—the slumbering volcano was that much nearer to its eruption. It was the morning of the 8th of May, and from gate to gate the brazen voice of the ghouls, pounded by the sentinels who kept watch and ward for Chandra Singh, proclaimed the hour of 8 o'clock.

The inner and outer towns of Jhalapur were steeped in the scorching white glare of the sun, and the ancient palace, high upon the rock-summit, was a dream of dazzling beauty, flashing a million points of light from its domes and minarets of colored marble, its gilded towers and balconies.

The royal had long since gone forth to their toll in the fields, the baboos to their books and writing tablets, the merchants to their shops in the streets of the bazaars. In fragrant gardens dark shadowed by cool fountains and fountains, dusky-skinned maidens took their ease while they discussed the latest gossip of the zenana.

It was a very pretty bungalow that the British flag floated over, and a very comfortable room in which the resident lounged that morning in his favorite cane chair, sheltered from the heat outside by the whirling punkas and by the cool breezes from the windows.

Dr. Mackinder was an elderly man, a savant and a book worm. He was completely wrapped up in his studies and yet he was supposed to have a share in guiding the destinies of the empire. His knowledge of the British museum but fate had previously sent him to Jhalapur.

"Stuff and nonsense, Pandoo," he said to his kamsaman, who had come to the door to bring him a letter. "It is impossible. I—hope you have not been drinking."

Pandoo made a negative gesture. "I tell you what I heard from old Rampoo Aye today," he replied. "As the day was breaking he saw a body carried through the gate of the inner town, and the dead man wore Feringhee clothing. Rampoo had a peep at him when the body was being carried to the bazaar. Rampoo has a wagging tongue. He either dreamed this or imagined it."

"The sahib should know best. It is not for me to dispute him."

With that the kamsaman bowed and went. A moment later Dr. Mackinder had forgotten the incident. He adjusted his glasses and returned to his volume of science, a treatise on the flora of the western Ghats. He used in a list seldom be drawn.

Strange rumors were in the air that morning, and whispers of them ran through the bazaars, but what truth they contained was hidden behind the impenetrable walls of the zenana.

It was not until the resident was listening incredulously to his kamsaman's story, five evil-faced men, whose eyes were dull with want of sleep, stood in the presence of the rajah that the truth dawned upon him. He was in a list seldom be drawn.

Imagine a tiger suddenly robbed of a leg, and you will have some idea of the fierce light that burned in Chandra Singh's eyes. He sat in a chair of gold filigree work, clenching his teeth hard on the amber mouthpiece of his hookah, which rested on an ivory table at his elbow.

He was pale with anger and disappointment, and his audience shook inwardly. "By Mahadera, I will slit this matter to the end," he cried. "Is it a conspiracy? Are you concealing something from me? Swear that you have told the whole truth!"

"Five voices made solemn oath, and Joel Spanish was most earnest of all. The rajah scanned each face.

"Repeat your account," he demanded of the foremost spokesman. "There may be a clue you have overlooked."

"It happened as I have told you, most high," Spanish replied. "I was riding hard from Meerut, and had nearly reached the nullah beyond Rampoor, when I heard a cry for help. I hastened to the spot and dismounted, but too late. A horse had been thrown by a rope of vines stretched across the path, and its rider lay nearby."

"A man was bending over him, and at once he attacked me furiously. In the end I broke his neck with my sword, and compelled him to take to flight, but not until he had inflicted those injuries upon me."

"Then looking closely, I discovered a feringhee lying unconscious, dying of his wounds. At that moment, a man, whom I recognized as a British officer, came riding to them what I have told you. What happened afterward you know from other lips."

"There was nothing on the Feringhee's person," demanded the rajah.

"Nothing, most high. He had been robbed of his pockets, and had an empty leather case lay by his side. I searched most carefully."

Raghava and his companions bore witness to the truth of this.

"Robbed!" cried the rajah. "Aye, robbed, but which? I would give a lakh of rupees to possess it! But how can you leave the case behind? And why was no search made for the assassin?"

"Because he had fled to the jungle, where an army might have pursued him in vain," Raghava answered. "Moreover at the time, most high, we thought of the man as a thief, and not as a murderer. So we mounted in haste, and took the road back to Jhalapur, that we might intercept the officer's sabah."

"And the severed finger that was found in the dust?"

"Taken from the hand of the assassin, cut off by the dead Feringhee."

"Then he had a sword?"

"We saw none, most high. But in the struggle it was likely knocked from his grasp and flew into the bushes. It was covered with blood, and I saw it."

Chandra Singh rose from his chair and paced the floor.

"The cup is wrested from my lips when I was about to drink—about to glut the vengeance born thirst of years," he exclaimed. Raghava, however, with wide eyes, said: "The thief must be found. He is no common badmash or rogue, for he carried a sword. He is a coward and a man of cunning, for he sought first to disable his victim by overthrowing the horse."

Crash! With his elbow Joel Spanish had knocked some ebony chessman off a Bombay cabinet; his hand shook as he stooped to pick them up.

"Clumsy dog!" muttered the rajah under his breath. "Happily, there is a clue that will sooner or later prove the assassin's undoing. He resumed to his former tone. 'Order a search to be made for a man with a missing finger. Let proclamations be posted in every village of my state, in the bazaars and markets. I am the servant of the most high.'"

Raghava replied, "and his commands shall be obeyed."

Chandra Singh paused by a window

that looked toward Delhi. "Is it an omen of ill?" he said to himself. "Nay, I will not have it so. My work is pledged—the lightning must strike. And who knows what? In a month, at week, perhaps a day."

A servant entered the room hurriedly, approached him and whispered a few words in his ear.

"It is well," he replied. "I shall attend the sabah shortly. Were the papers replaced as I directed?"

"Yes, your highness."

With a perplexed air the rajah turned to his audience and curtly dismissed them. One by one they filed through the curtained doorway, and Joel Spanish jingled a pocketful of gold as he swaggered down the marble floor of the dewan khana.

"Behold, I am rich," he said, exultantly. "And I am no more the slave of the Feringhee dogs. We will go, Raghava, thou and I, and drink in the little cool garden of Sonu, the shereef's son."

He returned to Lieutenant John Pano, whom he left at the mercy of his pursuers, lying stunned and insensible by his dead horse on the bank of the river. Ere the sun had attained its full power and the heat of the morning was on the air, sweet with the scent of flowers, the young officer struggled back to consciousness.

He woke from a maze of hideous dreams, at first doubtful if the scene on which he opened his eyes was not also a dream, but one of a far different sort from the creations of his nightmare.

For a few moments it seemed too horrible to think; his body felt sore and bruised and a damp cloth was on his throbbing temples. He was content to lie still; inhaling the mingled fragrance of Indian perfumes and passing the time in listening to the singing of birds and the chattering of monkeys that seemed to link him with the real world.

Finally, shaking off the drowsy stupor, he took careful note of his surroundings. His surprise grew to dread as he realized that he was reclining fully dressed on a carved bed with lacquered and gilded posts and a silken canopy over it.

The walls and corners of the room were festooned with garlands of flowers, and there into figures and arabesques beautifully painted. Flowers in silver bottles and Chinese vases stood on inlaid cabinets, and two windows with brass lattices gave a view of a shady and tempting garden.

"Where am I?" Jack asked himself. "And who brought me here? By Jove, it wouldn't take much to make me believe that I had come to life in the middle of an Arabian Nights story."

His mind swiftly took up the broken threads of memory and placed them together—the ride to Rampoor, the murder of Tobias Clink, the dash for Jhalapur, the chase over the fields, and the slaying of the rajah.

"Then the seconds shot my horse," he went on, "and I came a cropper on my head. No wonder it feels sore. But the colonel's letter—"

He hastily searched his pockets, and was vastly relieved to find the precious document. That it might have been tampered with—read and replaced—never occurred to him, though had he looked more closely he could have detected a faint smudge of red ink on the hundred years. As to the suppression of insurrections and disturbances by the United States government, in which the army of the United States would be necessary, of course the regular army would be employed. The Secretary did not care to surmise beyond that point or discuss what might happen in the event the regular army was not sufficient to meet any emergency which might arise.

With an effort he sat up, and seeing a silken cord within reach he pulled it sharply. He heard the faint tinkle of a bell, and a moment later the turbaned eunuch of the rajah entered the room, and a Hindoo was thrust between the crimson curtains at the doorway. The man peered briefly in, then vanished without a word.

"Ho, there!" cried Jack. "Come back. I was answered by a light, quick patter, a queer shuffling noise, and a half-grown panther bounded into the room and crouched by the foot of the bed, where it snarled with fury and quivered for a spring. Its eyes were half-closed, and its ears were pinned back, around which was a silver collar, fairly bristled.

"Pleasant visitors I'm having!" thought Jack.

To him barely time to realize his danger, when a flash of lightning burst upon him, a young girl of dazzling beauty, whose perfect figure was robed in fleecy, shimmering silks loosely confined by jeweled ornaments.

She seized the beast by the scruff of the neck and dragged it from the apartment, then returned and bent anxiously over the young officer, who had dropped weakly back among the pillows. He looked at her with rapt amazement, with dawning recognition.

"I am sorry that Yashit annoyed you," the girl said. "I heard your voice and I never like strangers at first. He bounded off before I could catch him."

"Yashit is the panther, I suppose, and your pek," Jack answered. "And you are—O, I surely can't be mistaken. You were with Nana Sahib's party, that day in the jungle near Cawnpore."

"Yes, and you saved my life and my father's. I am glad the sahib remembers me. Then you have not forgotten the tiger, and the runaway elephant that plunged into the river."

"One does not forget such things," Jack replied gravely.

He was silent for a moment, wondering at the strange fate that had brought about this meeting; it caused him a vague sense of dread, and he was uneasy, though he could not have told why.

"The girl leaned close to him, so near that the perfume of her breath and hair was in his face. Her large eyes were sedate with pity and tenderness, with a deeper feeling to be read also in the cheek-blush that mantled her dusky cheeks.

"His sort of thing won't do," Jack reflected, at he made an attempt to rise. (To be continued To-morrow.) (Continued To-morrow.)

## Will Close for Holiday.

(By Associated Press.) LIVERPOOL, May 14.—The Cotton Exchange will be closed on May 15 and 16, the 5th and 6th of the Whitstable holidays.

"One does not forget such things," Jack replied gravely.

He was silent for a moment, wondering at the strange fate that had brought about this meeting; it caused him a vague sense of dread, and he was uneasy, though he could not have told why.

"The girl leaned close to him, so near that the perfume of her breath and hair was in his face. Her large eyes were sedate with pity and tenderness, with a deeper feeling to be read also in the cheek-blush that mantled her dusky cheeks.

"His sort of thing won't do," Jack reflected, at he made an attempt to rise. (To be continued To-morrow.) (Continued To-morrow.)

## Dainty in Use

GORHAM SILVER POLISH Does not soil the hands Cleans as well as polishes

All responsible Jewellers keep it 25 cents a package

## Disease on the Increase.

(By Associated Press.) WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14.—Contagious disease at the League Island and Newport training stations are on the increase, according to telegraphic advices received at the Navy Department to-day. However, the men are being rapidly placed in tents, and it is hoped this measure will relieve the situation. At New York and Norfolk conditions are improving.

**CIGARETTES**

Touch the something only good tobacco can reach.

**FREE**

A beautiful reproduction of an original water color picture 8 1/2 in. by 7 in. in seven colors, given with each pack of Piedmont Cigarettes. Ask your dealer.

## COLONIAL DAMES TO GO TO YORKTOWN

Their Trip to Be Taken on the 27th of This Month.

A meeting of the Colonial Dames was held at 4:30 yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Robert A. Oson, on Floyd Avenue.

Letters were read from Mr. Townsend, of New York, and Mrs. A. Rensselaer, of West Virginia, in regard to the position occupied by societies